The Inquirer

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ISSUES OF ALDERMASTON

POLITICAL democracy is receiving some queer blows. It is receiving a few in this country, and irony of ironies they are coming from fervent democrats. The members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament have not the slightest intention, it is to be supposed, of injuring democratic life, and yet that seems to be taking place.

By any standard of counting of heads, or for that matter by any reasonable political judgment, it is unlikely that the electorate will stand for unilateral nuclear disarmament. Neither, as far as can be seen, will the men who are likely to form a government, Conservative or Labour. These are the facts of life, and they are the facts within which the unilateralists have to work.

Their political influence therefore can only be made with any seeming degree of effectiveness through the left wing of the Labour party. This is the line of least resistance.

At a meeting in the Central Hall, Westminster, some weeks ago, Canon Collins, presiding, expressed his pleasure at what was taking place. He put the Labour leaders among the Establishment, and was glad they were under pressure and hoped the pressure would continue.

It is doubtful whether the Canon then could see what was likely to happen. Or perhaps if he had seen it that it would have made any difference to the campaign of which he is chairman. Probably the campaigners will press on regardless.

Democracy in Retreat

But there are consequences, and one of them at the moment is the possibility of the Labour party being wounded as a serious political force for some time to come. Indeed some commentators are speaking of its destruction. This is not a light matter. Within foreseeable circumstances the two party system upon which the democratic procedure has rested for a long time may be broken. The alternative would be rule by oligarchy, by a small group of men based upon the Conservative party, or even upon a National government. Already the practical democracy of this country is held in a Conservative group, the members of which could be counted on one hand. The Prime Minister has little to fear from the opposition and less to bother about from his own party. The democratic system which depends upon the possibility of an alternative government is hardly operating at the moment.

This is not pleasant. It cannot be pleasant for serious conservatives. Democracy in many quarters is knowing the bitterness of retreat; and freedom is unlikely to be helped anywhere by any serious retreat in this country. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament could very well desperately wound the Labour party, and in so doing strike at many forms of freedom.

Religious Convictions

Presumably the campaigners can do no other. They are committed, it must be assumed, to the use of any power approved by their consciences to attain their desired ends. No doubt it would seem folly or treachery to suggest anything else. But the one political influence open to them at the moment is the left wing of the Labour party. Through various channels it is being used for all it is worth. For some people it is not a pretty sight.

It is less pretty because of the religious convictions involved. There is little doubt about the religious emotional appeal of the Aldermaston marches. They take place on a certain religious occasion and within the stress of anxiety that most people feel about the nuclear threat. But there can be a revulsion against it which also is not very pretty. A revulsion caused by religious idealism being used for purposes that are eventually political and are likely to destroy certain freedoms.

Religion into Politics

The dilemma, of course, has to be recognised as painful. Presumably those who have turned unilateral nuclear disarmament into a religious issue can do no other. Yet they are bound to take that issue into politics; they desire to do so; that is the whole purpose of the campaign, and yet when it is taken into politics it is likely to destroy the only means by which it can influence affairs—effective political democracy.

It is the old dilemma of pacifism. (And it would be foolish to ignore the pacifism behind unilateralism.) How can the pacifist, certain in his own conscience that he is right, so manipulate political affairs that his right can be operative in society. To be politically effective at all he is bound to go into politics, and there, on any showing, he is more likely to destroy, and perhaps wound desperately his own conscience which is his one support, than create anything of any value.

It is the abiding choice of pacifism, either to be a lonely witness with personal creative values, or to enter into political affairs and there most certainly destroy what it believes in.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By A. Philip Hewett

THERE are things to be said both for and against a break in services during the summer but one of the arguments in favour of such an arrangement is the pleasurable anticipation with which one thinks of the first Sunday back when we, as the hymn puts it, "in gladness hither turn again". To greet old friends again and to meet new ones is surely not least among the privileges of a church association.

Two months ago in London I quite unexpectedly met an old friend whom I had not seen for ten years. Naturally enough we planned to meet again and spend an evening together. Among the subjects we discussed (at his suggestion, I may add, not mine) was Unitarianism. He knew a little about it but was most interested to know exactly what sort of things our churches stand for. I explained that this was an organisation whose members were eager to combine a religious life with an awareness of all the developments in modern thought and discovery, where practice counted for more than words, where all ideas were expected to be scrutinized in the light of reason, where differing opinions within the church were not only permissible but welcome since we believed that only through the interplay of honest convictions could truth be arrived at.

"That sounds fine", he replied, "in fact I feel very much attracted towards such a position—but there's only one thing I don't understand. How does an organisation like that hold together? Surely you have to hold something in common. All the other churches I have ever heard of have some sort of creed. A church without a creed may be a fine ideal, but what takes the place of a creed for you? A collection of individual ideas is all very well, but that doesn't require any institution or organisation".

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This sort of question is one which I never find it easy to deal with. There are certain things in life which are not easy to describe in words, but which are best demonstrated at a practical level. I think the cement which holds our church life together is one of these things. But when someone asks a question, you have to try to give a reply. So I told him that we were united by our shared devotion to those procedures for arriving at the truth, by our unwillingness to accept ideas that were just handed out to us, by our belief that much was to be gained by the stimulation of an interchange of ideas between free minds, by our desire for forms of celebration of life's great mysteries in which we could sincerely join, by our hope that together we could achieve something for the betterment of our individual lives and the betterment of the world in which we live. I told him that our form of organisation was democratic so that the organisation grew upward from the bottom rather than downward from the top, that there had of course to be some give and take in that each member realized that his contribution was only part of a greater whole and that he could hardly expect that greater whole to look exactly like a highly magnified version of his contribution.

Nevertheless he was not entirely satisfied. He did not quite understand what it was that kept Unitarian churches, as such, together. And neither, to be frank, do I. I know the theory, of course. I have just described it. But practice does not necessarily correspond to theory. Of one thing I am sure. Not every Unitarian church is held together in the same way. There are some which are held together very much in the same way as other churches; there is a creed. Of course it isn't called that. But there is a shared set of ideas which the congregation as a whole endorses and the minister preaches. Anyone who doesn't share these ideas feels uncomfortable in such a congregation . . . not quite accepted . . . while, if the minister leaves and the congregation is looking for a successor, it is less concerned about his general ability and open-mindedness than about his sharing this same body of convictions.

Yes, there can be a Unitarian orthodoxy of this sort, though it varies from church to church. In some it is quite close to the body of ideas set forth in other churches in the community; in others it tends to be the exact opposite of their ideas so that (to use Browning's illustration) if they call the chessboard white, we call it black. How many Unitarian churches there are like this I don't profess to know. It's a matter of degree, of course, but it certainly shows that by becoming Unitarians we don't render ourselves immune to the temptations of creedalism.

A glance at our history will explain a lot. The history of Unitarianism shows a continuous struggle on the part of many people to construct an active, living, tolerant, open-ended institution in which people of good will, thoughtful minds and breadth of spirit could find a home. This has set the tone of our churches in a broad historical perspective. But I doubt if it has ever dictated the dominant characteristics of the churches at any one time. Only too often the outside observer will have felt that here is a sect which is truly different from others in its beliefs but is equally closed to differences of opinion.

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This has been understandable. Often in its history Unitarianism has been attacked by those who have taken a more conventional religious position. In order to reply to these attacks a position has been taken up which then tends to become entrenched. And the danger is found always to exist as long as one pays attention to what other people are saying about us rather than to our more basic concern of working out our ideas for ourselves.

The idea that the church can accommodate at one and the same time people who express their ideas in very different ways is quite a new one. The older idea was that although opinions could properly evolve from one generation to the next and that therefore no binding creed should be enforced, nonetheless it was to be expected that at any one time there should be fundamental agreement on doctrine. That was very clearly expressed by the leading Unitarian of his day, James Martineau, in a notable controversy that took place exactly one hundred years ago. His idea that there should be one church, existing over long periods of time and united by a general sympathy of spirit but that differences of opinion would exist within the church from one period to the next as thought as a whole evolved. But at any one time you would find general agreement within the church on the principal articles of belief.

It seems to me that this position is quite unusual if you think of ideas as evolving, rather than being supplanted by others by some revolutionary change. For ideas influence different people at different rates and you are therefore bound to have different ideas within the church at one and the same time unless the mind is bound to all advance whatsoever. What actually happened, as a matter of fact, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Unitarian churches on both sides of the Atlantic, is that there were often violent quarrels about differences of opinion, name-calling, legal suits, ministers locked out of churches, splits in the congregation. This, I hasten to say, was not the most typical procedure, but it happened far too often for there to be any complacency about the evolution of ideas, nor I should add, are such things completely unheard of today. The building of a fully tolerant church is not an easy matter. It is an immensely difficult one. It has not even been demonstrated yet that it can be done for such a demonstration must involve the survival of many acute strains over a long period of time. That is our unfinished business, and it is a business in which I, for one, am intensely interested.

Ministerial Changes

The Rev. A. R. Browning is to leave Willenhall and Ilford for Leicester Great Meeting in October.

The Rev. Peter Godfrey is to leave Swansea for Altrincham in October.

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

June 2. I find that if I become too enthusiastic when telling someone about a new play, or film, or comedian (" at last here's someone who is *really* funny "), this produces one of two results, both somewhat deflating. The first and most familiar result is that I create an attitude of firm " sales-resistance " in the listener: just what I feel myself, in fact, if anyone tells me that I " absolutely mustn't miss " a play, or a film, or . . . Alternatively the victim, if he does not know me very well, may take my advice; and he is then likely to spend the next few weeks darting down side streets whenever he sees me approaching. So I must be restrained when I describe Harold Pinter's play *The Caretaker*, which we saw tonight at the Duchess Theatre.

But I must be honest too. This is a remarkable and absorbing play. It is set in a junk-laden attic in West London, and all that happens is that two brothers, in a spirit of rather absent-minded benevolence, put up an old tramp for a week or two until they can no longer tolerate him and then they turn him out. There is little action, and much talk, all involving the old man, for the brothers are rarely present together, and hardly speak to each other when they are. Each of the three has a private dream: one brother is going to build a shed in the garden; the other is going to " develop " the house into lavishly decorated flats; and the tramp's luck is going to turn once he has walked to Sidcup (" when the weather breaks ") to recover some documents which will prove that his name is not Jenkins, as on his insurance cards, but Davies.

The acting is quite compelling, so much so that Donald Pleasence *is* the old man, and Alan Bates and Peter Woodthorpe *are* the brothers. I shall hardly be able to bear seeing them later in any other parts; somehow it will seem wrong. And the whole effect was as gripping as *Waiting for Godot* was tedious, for me, at any rate. The " message "? I doubt if there was one. But the author has created three real people—more real than any I have seen on the stage since *The Summer of The Seventeenth Doll*.

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June 3. After delivering a week's *Diary* at *The Inquirer* office, I thought I would visit the Encore Publishing Company nearby, at 25 Hereford Street, W.1, as they publish the script of *The Caretaker* (by post it is 5/6d.). The Company inhabits one dungeon-like room in a decrepit-looking house, " at end of dark passage " as a grimy paper label truthfully announces on the street door. An amiable young man in a beard was delighted to sell me a copy. As I left, without thinking, I pushed home a gigantic bolt on the outside of the dungeon door. Frantically the occupant beat on the inside of the door; and I unbolted it with apologies. " Everyone does that ", he said in a resigned tone. It all seemed in keeping, somehow. I nearly asked him when he was going down to Sidcup. (The script, I found later, was helpful to read *after* seeing the play, but it would be rather unsatisfying, I think, to read it before one could envisage the characters' voices and appearance.)

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The quest for Samuel Sharpe's portrait continues. I presented myself at the National Portrait Gallery again, cap in the hand lower this time, and a kindly uniformed attendant took me under his wing. But when we entered the store room (leaving the disappearing gaze of Harriet Martineau, who also is " missing "), and pulled out the appropriate cartons, we found Sir Ralph Abercrombie (1734-1801), general, and Professor John Playfair (1748-1819), natural philosopher, and Joseph Grimaldi (1779-1837), pantomimist, but no Samuel Sharpe. If I will go back in a week or so, they may have unearthed him. Meanwhile at the picture postcard counter another kindly attendant rummaged in a filing cabinet and found an excellent small photograph of the portrait, so we are getting warm. I had pictured a full-length figure of Victorian piety, but Matilda has obviously captured a full-length figure of Victorian piety, but Matilda has obviously captured Father to the life, and not without a dash of loving irreverence. Imagine Robertson Hare made up for the part of Samuel Pickwick (incidentally, what a joy that would be, wouldn't it ?) and drawn by George Belcher for a pre-war Punch Almanac, and you have Matilda Sharpe's treatment of Samuel Sharpe (1799-1881), Egyptologist and Unitarian. I can scarcely wait to see the original.

June 5. In *Monitor* tonight (BBC television) we were given two extracts from *The Caretaker* and a conversation between Huw Wheldon and the writer, Harold Pinter. The playwright was a relaxed, conventionally dressed, well-adjusted looking youngish man, not at all " angry " or trying to take the limelight. He disclaimed any symbolic overtones in his plays; he just thought of a character or two, and from then onwards the characters evolved and took charge and wrote the play. Why did he always write about washed-up derelict characters ? " It seems to be assumed ", said Pinter, " that a derelict is a separate kind of person, that his world doesn't include us. But it is not a small world of his own. His world is *the* world. We're in it too. We're all derelicts. We share his characteristics. There's nothing extraordinary about him. We're all extraordinary. This is the only theme worth sustaining. It is what is happening. We're all in that condition ".

He also said that it was not accurate to say (as most critics have said) that his characters fail to communicate with one another. On the contrary, he said, they understood only too well what was being said to them, but they evaded the point of it, didn't dare to follow it up, and that too was typical of *our* life. This all illuminated the play a good deal, for me at least. More than that, it shed a few searching beams on to life itself, which is what any truly original artistic work should surely do. I can see that I shall have to have another bash at *Godot* some day.

THE REAL AND THE ILLUSORY

By Ford Lewis

(Dr. Ford Lewis is the associate minister of the First Unitarian Church, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.)

THE philosopher Spinoza said that God has an infinite number and variety of dimensions, but that man could experience the reality of God only in thought and extension.

Pascal went a step further and said that:—

> The greatness of Man consists in thought. Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

These concepts of thought and extension can be combined. It is precisely by thought that we achieve extension. By the conscious cultivation of an awareness of our abiding kinship with the fellowship of man, we establish that kinship. Kinship not only with man, but with the Infinite. Deep and disciplined thought reveals to us the depth of our estrangement from our valid ground of being, and provides the means of reunion with the larger reality that is our true and native home.

Religion in Depth

This is the existence to which religion in depth invites us. Stated simply, it is a matter of distinguishing between what is real and what is illusory. Our minds are not well trained to discriminate between the world " of ships and shoes and sealing wax ", and the subterranean data of the spirit. " The eye whose sight-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light ", and yet there is undeniably a larger world than the one we commonly know, of which the great souls in all the high religions of man have something to say. It is the world into which we enter, in the phrase and thought of Brother Lawrence, by " the practice of the presence of God ".

The purest and profoundest intimations accessible to us witness the majesty of the Eternal. They testify, as Spinoza wrote, of a God of infinite variety and form. But beyond that, these deeper intuitions reveal to us, in the loveliest credible of truth, a unified God. Here the dimensions of divinity, infinite and varied as they are, merge into a transcendent

totality. The beatific vision and the beholder are not separate. The ultimate step in worship is reached when the worshipper is no longer able to feel his own identity apart from the object of worship. This is the highest mutuality and the aim of all intermediate mutualities, by comparison with which it is the snow crowned summit beyond the foothills. This *ultima meta*, this final purpose of all human striving, is beautifully summed up in a paragraph from the reflections of Heinrich Suso.

> The highest stage of union is an indescribable experience, in which all ideas of images and forms and differences has vanished. All consciousness of self and of all things has gone and the soul is plunged into the abyss of the Godhead, and the spirit has become one with God.

The Evil that Men Do

The cold fact which confronts our generation, however, is that the union of man with man, and man with God, is not very far advanced. It is, in many respects, a ghastly time to be alive. Peace hangs by a slender thread. Our potential for self-destruction is essentially absolute. It would be terribly funny, if it were not so starkly tragic, that the future existence of our world could turn on so insignificant an incident as an ill-considered, jingoistic speech by an American mayor or a Russian premier's volatile and unpredictable response to it. We shall never make progress in the direction of creative mutuality while playing "brinkmanship" on the verge of hell.

Passing from the matter of sheer survival, which is the chronic issue gnawing at the world's vitals as ceaselessly as the unremitting rain of strontium 90, what is the status of the compassionate commonwealth as it has been affected by past wars? Dr. Fosdick once pointed out that we fought the War of 1914-18 to make the world safe for democracy and that, instead of that, we opened the door to one dictatorship after another—Ataturk in Turkey, Mussolini in Italy, Pilsudski in Poland, Salazar in Portugal, Franco in Spain and Hitler in Germany. We fought World War II, among other things, to insure that people might be secure in their homes and in their persons. And yet, the Secretary-General of the United Nations tells us that 40,000,000 persons were uprooted by war and that perhaps as many as 15,000,000 are still displaced.

There is another bitter example of a critical gap between the ideal world and the world of reality. In spite of recent gains, most of the Negroes in this country (the U.S.A.—Ed.) have not been successfully integrated into society, North, South, East or West. The melting-pot principle, as the observant historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger, points out, simply has not worked in their case. It would not be surprising if a Hungarian refugee who came to this country three years ago were found to be better integrated in the various levels of our culture than a Negro whose ancestors came *three hundred* years ago.

Laborare est Orare

How can we bring our practice into conformity with our convictions concerning the ideal community of man? How can we make the dream of mutuality the true and unrefuted image of man? We shall have to discover for ourselves what the monks discovered in their monasteries and in their fields: *Laborare est orare*. Work is worship. Only through our lively and enduring commitment can we bring the world which our ideals foretell into being. What the ancient Hebrew writer said of the skilled artisans of his time is potentially true of us all, and especially in the field of moral endeavour: "In the handwork of their craft is their prayer". Our highest craft is the practice of mutuality.

We can find our right place in the community that surrounds us and the Being that envelops and upholds us only as we, through our worship and our work, experience in our individual lives the universal life that is common and native to all. I can become myself only as I enable others to become themselves. I can penetrate the nature of the living Being beyond me only as I experience in depth the living Being within me. The person becomes a person only among the people and in the Presence. Here the distinction fades and disappears between the many and the one. The person, the people and the Presence form a final union, and in that union is our bliss.

BOOKS AND PERSONS

By John Rowland

ONE of the perpetual puzzles which beset publishers (as I know, from talking to them—and I have a tolerably wide acquaintance in the world of books) is the problem of selling books on religious topics. In spite of the supposed secularisation of our age, there is a very big market for *some* religious books, though not for all. One publisher once said to me that books on religion could be divided into two groups—those which sell in tens of thousands and those which do not sell at all!

I have written here before of fashions in literature—and I suppose that there are fashions in religious books as well as in novels and travel books and biographies. Dr. C. S. Lewis, for example, though naturally his outlook differs very much from that which this journal exists to advocate, has long been a "best-seller" in the religious field, in part, I fancy, because he has such a readable style, combined with the unusual ability to make difficult problems seem almost simple to the reader. There are others, too.

Yet writers on religious topics appear to become famous almost overnight, and for no special reason that one can see, except that the suddenly-famous is usually a man with either a new line of thought, or a deceptively simple way of expressing himself. In recent months one such writer has emerged in the London literary world in the person of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose book *The Phenomenon of Man*, commended by Sir Julian Huxley, has itself been quite a phenomenon.

Few English people will have known much about de Chardin, except those interested in archeology, to whom he will be known as a leading member of the team of scientists who discovered the remains of a new group of prehistoric men, dug up in China, and commonly called representatives of the "Pekin Man". There has now appeared, in an excellent English translation by Father Jarrett-Kerr of the Community of the Resurrection, Nicolas Corte's book, *Pierre Teilhard de Chardin: His Life and Spirit* (Barrie and Rockliff; 15s.), which is both biography and an interpretation of a very remarkable man.

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Pierre de Chardin was that unusual character, a combination of the priest and the scientist. He was a leading figure in the world of prehistory; he was also a Jesuit. As a result, his thoughts on the relationship between science and religion were of the greatest possible interest—though it may be that the value of these thoughts has been somewhat exaggerated. To me, at any rate, it appears that he found difficulties in the interpretation of the world which stem entirely from his acceptance of the totalitarianism of ideas of his church. His book, for example, could not be published in his lifetime because it could not secure the *imprimatur* of his ecclesiastical superiors; most of the attacks on his scheme of thought have come from orthodox Roman Catholics; and one little footnote by the translator of this biography seems to me to give away much. Teilhard de Chardin was long a friend of a great French philosopher, Edouard le Roy, and M. Corte mentions some books by le Roy which had great influence on his friend. The translator adds, in a footnote: "Edouard le Roy's works were put on the *Index* in 1931".

So, even though de Chardin may be widely admired in our time (he died in 1955), his works will appeal in the main to those who do not share his basic religious beliefs.

When I started, however, I wrote of religious books which are surprisingly large sellers. I imagine that this new volume on an unusual thinker will sell in large numbers; it should certainly be read by all who have found food for thought in *The Phenomenon of Man*; it may go far to explain some things which readers have found puzzling in that book.

But have there been any Unitarian "best-sellers"? I imagine that Miss Boxall of the Lindsey Press would wish that there were some books of that kind. Phillip Hewitt's *An Unfettered Faith* was highly successful, of course; so, in its own field, was *A Free Religious Faith*, that report of a Unitarian commission which has recently been reprinted; *Essays in Unitarian Theology* is making its impact. But I imagine that none of those will get anywhere near the 50,000 copies reached long ago by *The Phenomenon of Man*. A book which deserves to sell 50,000 copies, though it will not, is the volume in which are printed the Minns Lectures for 1959. The Minns Lectureship is a Unitarian Foundation, by which eminent Unitarian ministers are enabled to give of their best to an American audience, the lectures being subsequently printed and circulated as widely as possible. Last year, British Unitarianism was honoured when the Rev. John Kielty was invited to go to Massachusetts and give the lectures. The resultant book, *British Unitarianism: Past, Present and Future*, has been circulated among our ministers, and has now been published, at the extremely reasonable price of half-a-crown, by the Lindsey Press. I would earnestly beg every loyal Unitarian to invest in a copy—for it is an investment. I had not thought it possible to cram so much information within a mere 48 pages; Mr. Kielty says that no English scholar has attempted a history of British Unitarianism since the early years of this century, and he hopes that some really competent historian may soon attempt this task. Our General Secretary therefore regards his little book as a kind of interim report—but it is immensely readable, and should find a place on the shelves of thousands of Unitarians.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin and John Kielty may appear a very odd pair of figures to be dealt with in one article—but maybe the very differences between them show that in the literary world there is room for many and various points of view. Readers of this journal will approve of Mr. Kielty more than they approve of de Chardin, but both men (and many others) have their part to play in religious development in the years that lie ahead.

KNUTSFORD CELEBRATES

By Keith G. Cranny

"The only comparison I can find for myself is to St. Sebastian, tied to a tree to be shot at with arrows . . . but I have spoken my mind as best I can, and I have no doubt that what was meant so earnestly must do some good . . ."

THESE are the typical words of a Unitarian, written in a letter by Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell concerning her second novel, "Ruth"—the story of a young girl who fell from virtue and lived to work out her own redemption. In Victorian novels sexual morality and a "fallen woman" could be referred to—if at all—in only the most sanctimonious and sermonising terms, and her fate had to be either death or discreet shipment to the Colonies.

As a result of "Ruth" Mrs. Gaskell was shunned by many of her friends and acquaintances, hence she wrote a letter containing the foregone quotation.

Mrs. Gaskell was born 150 years ago, and at the age of 22 changed her name from Elizabeth Stevenson (described at that time as being a "giddy, thoughtless little thing") by marrying Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister, at Knutsford Parish Church. Rev. Gaskell was later to become minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester, and his wife a world-famous novelist. Yet the oddest thing about Mrs. Gaskell is that Knutsford has been allowed to claim her for its own, notwithstanding the fact that her working life was spent in Manchester, and that in her time she was looked upon as the most-famous Manchester novelist, not to mention the good she did for the spreading of the name Unitarian. Mrs. Gaskell wrote in and about Manchester, was the pioneer of the "social novel", and was a fearless campaigner for the reforming of the terrible conditions of the poor.

Throughout the period known in history as the "hungry forties" Mrs. Gaskell was kept busy with the hard and dangerous work of distress-relief in Manchester's black and pestilential alleys; where men, women and children were dying from such diseases as typhus, cholera and tuberculosis—in an age where children were born to die of starvation.

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Mrs. Gaskell was moved to write about the existing conditions, and in one of her works says, ". . . many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oatmeal or potatoes bought opium to still the hungry little ones and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy, troubled sleep. It was mothers' mercy".

This was the setting for Elizabeth Gaskell's first sensational book, "Mary Barton", sub-titled "A Novel of Manchester Life". It was this book which was responsible for Mrs. Gaskell's fame during her own lifetime, and through which she was wrongfully suspected to be a dangerous revolutionary.

Naturally she is best known for her beloved "Cranford"—in which, the reader may remember, Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney cow wore a flannel waistcoat and drawers, and where the ladies practised "elegant economy" and gave tea parties with very thin bread and butter. Mrs. Gaskell also wrote a biography of the life of Charlotte Bronte, a second Manchester novel entitled "North and South", and her unfinished "Wives and Daughters", during the writing of which she suffered a heart attack, and died. She was buried in the Unitarian chapel-yard at Knutsford, where her grave is carefully tended. Only this spring it was planted with saxifrage, her favourite flower.

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Knutsford gets its name from the time when King Knut camped there near a ford on his route to Manchester. Its modern inhabitants agree, however, that the great success of "Cranford" (which has run through 180 editions in just over a century and is still going strong—even in Hungarian) has put their country town on the map, and has kept it there. And this year Knutsford is celebrating the one-hundred-and-fifteenth anniversary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth, in September, 1810. A "Gaskell Committee" has been busy for weeks planning an exhibition, a memorial booklet, a school essay prize, flood-lighting, and other celebrations. Local interest is running high, and Knutfordians are determined that the name of Gaskell will resound through the town during the coming year, in the same manner that Unitarians are sure it will resound in denominational circles for a long time yet.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

South Africa

Sir: Forsaking the still waters of the Unitarian ministry for the storm waters of politics Dr. Homer Jack is self-appointed to crack South Africa on the head then whisper brotherhood to the stunned.

With pen, notebook, return ticket, he girdles our continent in forty hours, fashioning divine blueprint for all black lands.

Could he not make unendurable pressure on Russia, China, Spain, Egypt? Adultery, apartheid, are not the only personal, political sins. Yes, Homer Jack can crush South Africa. What then? Can he give black man what he has not self realised? Sad, sad, his public folly shames his private wisdom.

Dr. Jack salutes political bishop. I think, come judgment day, Anglicans, Calvinists, will both be commended, both judged; neither group here wears either halo or horns. Granted there is grievous wrong in South Africa: grievously will vengeance strike. There is also great good done, to the black: if evil

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By A. Phillip Hewett

THERE are things to be said both for and against a break in services during the summer but one of the arguments in favour of such an arrangement is the pleasurable anticipation with which one thinks of the first Sunday back when we, as the hymn puts it, "in gladness hither turn again". To greet old friends again and to meet new ones is surely not least among the privileges of a church association.

Two months ago in London I quite unexpectedly met an old friend whom I had not seen for ten years. Naturally enough we planned to meet again and spend an evening together. Among the subjects we discussed (at his suggestion, I may add, not mine) was Unitarianism. He knew a little about it but was most interested to know exactly what sort of things our churches stand for. I explained that this was an organisation whose members were eager to combine a religious life with an awareness of all the developments in modern thought and discovery, where practice counted for more than words, where all ideas were expected to be scrutinised in the light of reason, where differing opinions within the church were not only permissible but welcome since we believed that only through the interplay of honest convictions could truth be arrived at.

"That sounds fine", he replied, "in fact I feel very much attracted towards such a position—but there's only one thing I don't understand. How does an organisation like that hold together? Surely you have to hold something in common. All the other churches I have ever heard of have some sort of creed. A church without a creed may be a fine ideal, but what takes the place of a creed for you? A collection of individual ideas is all very well, but that doesn't require any institution or organisation".

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This sort of question is one which I never find it easy to deal with. There are certain things in life which are not easy to describe in words, but which are best demonstrated at a practical level. I think the cement which holds our church life together is one of these things. But when someone asks a question, you have to try to give a reply. So I told him that we were united by our shared devotion to these procedures for arriving at the truth, by our unwillingness to accept ideas that were just handed out to us, by our belief that much was to be gained by the stimulation of an interchange of ideas between free minds, by our desire for forms of celebration of life's great mysteries in which we could sincerely join, by our hope that together we could achieve something for the betterment of our individual lives and the betterment of the world in which we live. I told him that our form of organisation was democratic so that the organisation grew upward from the bottom rather than downward from the top, that there had of course to be some give and take in that each member realised that his contribution was only part of a greater whole and that he could hardly expect that greater whole to look exactly like a highly magnified version of his contribution.

Nonetheless he was not entirely satisfied. He did not quite understand what it was that kept Unitarian churches, as such, together. And neither, to be frank, do I. I know the theory, of course. I have just described it. But practice does not necessarily correspond to theory. Of one thing I am sure. Not every Unitarian church is held together in the same way. There are some which are held together very much in the same way as other churches: there is a creed. Of course it isn't called that. But there is a shared set of ideas which the congregation as a whole endorses and the minister preaches. Anyone who doesn't share these ideas feels uncomfortable in such a congregation . . . not quite accepted . . . while, if the minister leaves and the congregation is looking for a successor, it is less concerned about his general ability and open-mindedness than about his sharing this same body of convictions.

Yes, there can be a Unitarian orthodoxy of this sort, though it varies from church to church. In some it is quite close to the body of ideas set forth in other churches in the community; in others it tends to be the exact opposite of their ideas so that (to use Browning's illustration) if they call the chessboard white, we call it black. How many Unitarian churches there are like this I don't profess to know. It's a matter of degree, of course, but it certainly shows that by becoming Unitarians we don't render ourselves immune to the temptations of creedalism.

A glance at our history will explain a lot. The history of Unitarianism shows a continuous struggle on the part of many people to construct an active, living, tolerant, open-ended institution in which people of good will, thoughtful minds and breadth of spirit could find a home. This has set the tone of our churches in a broad historical perspective. But I doubt if it has ever dictated the dominant characteristics of the churches at any one time. Only too often the outside observer will have felt that here is a sect which is truly different from others in its beliefs but is equally closed to differences of opinion.

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This has been understandable. Often in its history Unitarianism has been attacked by those who have taken a more conventional religious position. In order to reply to those attacks a position has been taken up which then tends to become entrenched. And the danger is bound always to exist as long as one pays attention to what other people are saying about us rather than to our more basic concern of working out our ideas for ourselves.

The idea that the church can accommodate at one and the same time people who express their ideas in very different ways is quite a new one. The older idea was that although opinions could properly evolve from one generation to the next and that therefore no binding creed should be enforced, nonetheless it was to be expected that at any one time there should be fundamental agreement on doctrine. That was very clearly expressed by the leading Unitarian of his day, James Martineau, in a notable controversy that took place exactly one hundred years ago. His idea that there should be one church, existing over long periods of time and united by a general sympathy of spirit but that differences of opinion would exist within the church from one period to the next as thought as a whole evolved. But at any one time you would find general agreement within the church on the principal articles of belief.

It seems to me that this position is quite unsound if you think of ideas as evolving, rather than being supplanted by others by some revolutionary change. For ideas influence different people at different rates and you are therefore bound to have different ideas within the church at one and the same time unless the mind is barred to all advance whatsoever. What actually happened, as a matter of fact, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Unitarian churches on both sides of the Atlantic, is that there were often violent quarrels about differences of opinion, name-calling, legal suits, ministers locked out of churches, splits in the congregation. This, I hasten to say, was not the most typical procedure, but it happened far too often for there to be any complacency about the evolution of ideas, nor I should add, are such things completely unheard of today. The building of a fully tolerant church is not an easy matter. It is an immensely difficult one. It has not even been demonstrated yet that it can be done for such a demonstration must involve the survival of many acute stresses over a long period of time. That is our unfinished business, and it is a business in which I, for one, am intensely interested.

Ministerial Changes

The Rev. A. R. Downing is to leave Wilmslow and Styal for Leicester Great Meeting in October.

The Rev. Peter Godfrey is to leave Swinton for Altrincham in October.

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

June 2. I find that if I become too enthusiastic when telling someone about a new play, or film, or comedian (" at last here's someone who is *really* funny "), this produces one of two results, both somewhat deflating. The first and most familiar result is that I create an attitude of firm " sales-resistance " in the listener: just what I feel myself, in fact, if anyone tells me that I " absolutely mustn't miss " a play, or a film, or . . . Alternatively the victim, if he does not know me very well, may take my advice; and he is then likely to spend the next few weeks darting down side streets whenever he sees me approaching. So I must be restrained when I describe Harold Pinter's play *The Caretaker*, which we saw tonight at the Duchess Theatre.

But I must be honest too. This is a remarkable and absorbing play. It is set in a junk-laden attic in West London, and all that happens is that two brothers, in a spirit of rather absent-minded benevolence, put up an old tramp for a week or two until they can no longer tolerate him and then they turn him out. There is little action, and much talk, all involving the old man, for the brothers are rarely present together, and hardly speak to each other when they are. Each of the three has a private dream: one brother is going to build a shed in the garden; the other is going to " develop " the house into lavishly decorated flats; and the tramp's luck is going to turn once he has walked to Sidcup (" when the weather breaks ") to recover some documents which will prove that his name is not Jenkins, as on his insurance cards, but Davies.

The acting is quite compelling, so much so that Donald Pleasence *is* the old man, and Alan Bates and Peter Woodthorpe *are* the brothers. I shall hardly be able to bear seeing them later in any other parts; somehow it will seem wrong. And the whole effect was as gripping as *Waiting for Godot* was tedious, for me, at any rate. The " message "? I doubt if there was one. But the author has created three real people—more real than any I have seen on the stage since *The Summer of The Seventeenth Doll*.

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June 3. After delivering a week's *Diary* at *The Inquirer* office, I thought I would visit the Encore Publishing Company nearby, at 25 Hawkstead Street, W.1, as they publish the script of *The Caretaker* (by post it is 5/6d.). The Company inhabits one dungeon-like room in a decrepit-looking house, " at end of dark passage " as a grimy paper label truthfully announces on the street door. An amiable young man in a beard was delighted to sell me a copy. As I left, without thinking, I pushed home a gigantic bolt on the *outside* of the dungeon door. Frantically the occupant beat on the inside of the door, and I unbolted it with apologies. " Everyone does that ", he said in a resigned tone. It all seemed in keeping, somehow. I nearly asked him when he was going down to Sidcup. (The script, I found later, was helpful to read *after* seeing the play, but it would be rather mystifying, I think, to read it before one could envisage the characters' voices and appearance.)

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The quest for Samuel Sharpe's portrait continues. I presented myself at the National Portrait Gallery again, *not* in the lunch hour this time, and a kindly uniformed attendant took me under his wing. But when we entered the store room (brewing the disappointing guess of Harriet Martineau, who also is " missing "), and pulled out the appropriate screen, we found Sir Ralph Abercromby (1734-1801), general, and Professor John Playfair (1748-1819), natural philosopher, and Joseph Grimaldi (1779-1837), pantomimist, but no Samuel Sharpe. If I will go back in a week or so, they may have unearthed him. Meanwhile at the picture postcard counter another kindly assistant rummaged in a filing cabinet and found an excellent small photograph of the portrait, so we are getting warm. I had expected a dull piece of Victorian piety, but Matilda has obviously captured Father to the life, and not without a dash of loving irreverence. Imagine Robertson Hare made up for the part of Samuel Pickwick (incidentally, what a joy that would be, wouldn't it ?) and drawn by George Belcher for a pre-war Punch Almanac, and you have Matilda Sharpe's treatment of Samuel Sharpe (1799-1881), Egyptologist and Unitarian. I can scarcely wait to see the original.

June 5. In *Monitor* tonight (BBC television) we were given two extracts from *The Caretaker* and a conversation between Huw Wheldon and the writer, Harold Pinter. The playwright was a relaxed, conventionally dressed, well-adjusted looking youngish man, not at all " angry " or trying to take the limelight. He disclaimed any symbolic overtones in his plays: he just thought of a character or two, and from then onwards the characters evolved and took charge and wrote the play. Why did he always write about washed-up derelict characters ? " It seems to be assumed ", said Pinter, " that a derelict is a separate kind of person, that his world doesn't include us. But it is not a small world of his own. His world is *the* world. We're in it too. We're all derelicts. We share his characteristics. There's nothing extraordinary about him. We're all extraordinary. This is the only theme worth sustaining. It is what is happening. We're all in that condition ".

He also said that it was not accurate to say (as most critics have said) that his characters fail to communicate with one another. On the contrary, he said, they understood only too well what was being said to them, but they evaded the point of it, didn't dare to follow it up, and that too was typical of *our* life. This all illuminated the play a good deal, for me at least. More than that, it shed a few searching beams on to life itself, which is what any truly original artistic work should surely do. I can see that I shall have to have another bash at *Godot* some day.

THE REAL AND THE ILLUSORY

By Ford Lewis

(Dr. Ford Lewis is the associate minister of the First Unitarian Church, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.)

THE philosopher Spinoza said that God has an infinite number and variety of dimensions, but that man could experience the reality of God only in thought and extension.

Pascal went a step further and said that:—

> The greatness of Man consists in thought. Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

These concepts of thought and extension can be combined. It is precisely by thought that we achieve extension. By the conscious cultivation of an awareness of our abiding kinship with the fellowship of man, we establish that kinship. Kinship not only with man, but with the Infinite. Deep and disciplined thought reveals to us the depth of our estrangement from our valid ground of being, and provides the means of reunion with the larger reality that is our true and native home.

Religion in Depth

This is the existence to which religion in depth invites us. Stated simply, it is a matter of distinguishing between what is real and what is illusory. Our minds are not well trained to discriminate between the world " of ships and shoes and sealing wax ", and the substantial data of the spirit. " The eye which sight-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light ", and yet there is undeniably a larger world than the one we commonly know, of which the great souls in all the high religions of man have something to say. It is the world into which we enter, in the phrase and thought of Brother Lawrence, by " the practice of the presence of God ".

The purest and profoundest intimations accessible to us witness the majesty of the Eternal. They testify, as Spinoza wrote, of a God of infinite variety and form. But beyond that, these deeper intuitions reveal to us, in the luminous candour of truth, a unified God. Here the dimensions of divinity, infinite and varied as they are, merge into a transcendent

totality. The beatific vision and the beholder are not separate. The ultimate step in worship is reached when the worshipper is no longer able to feel his own identity apart from the object of worship. This is the highest mutuality and the aim of all intermediate mutualities, by comparison with which it is the snow crowned summit beyond the foothills. This *ultima meta*, this final purpose of all human striving, is beautifully summed up in a paragraph from the reflections of Heinrich Suso.

> The highest stage of union is an indescribable experience, in which all ideas of images and forms and differences has vanished. All consciousness of self and of all things has gone and the soul is plunged into the abyss of the Godhead, and the spirit has become one with God.

The Evil that Men Do

The cold fact which confronts our generation, however, is that the union of man with man, and man with God, is not very far advanced. It is, in many respects, a ghastly time to be alive. Peace hangs by a slender thread. Our potential for self-destruction is essentially absolute. It would be terribly funny, if it were not so starkly tragic, that the future existence of our world could turn on so insignificant an incident as an ill-considered, jingoistic speech by an American mayor or a Russian premier's volatile and unpredictable response to it. We shall never make progress in the direction of creative mutuality while playing "brinkmanship" on the verge of hell.

Passing from the matter of sheer survival, which is the chronic issue gnawing at the world's vitals as ceaselessly as the unremitting rain of strontium 90, what is the status of the compassionate commonwealth as it has been affected by past wars? Dr. Fosdick once pointed out that we fought the War of 1914-18 to make the world safe for democracy and that, instead of that, we opened the door to one dictatorship after another—Ataturk in Turkey, Mussolini in Italy, Pilsudski in Poland, Salazar in Portugal, Franco in Spain and Hitler in Germany. We fought World War II, among other things, to insure that people might be secure in their homes and in their persons. And yet, the Secretary-General of the United Nations tells us that 40,000,000 persons were uprooted by war and that perhaps as many as 15,000,000 are still displaced.

There is another bitter example of a critical gap between the ideal world and the world of reality. In spite of recent gains, most of the Negroes in this country (the U.S.A.—Ed.) have not been successfully integrated into society, North, South, East or West. The melting-pot principle, as the observant historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger, points out, simply has not worked in their case. It would not be surprising if a Hungarian refugee who came to this country three years ago were found to be better integrated in the various levels of our culture than a Negro whose ancestors came *three hundred* years ago.

Laborare est Orare

How can we bring our practice into conformity with our convictions concerning the ideal community of man? How can we make the dream of mutuality the true and unrefuted image of man? We shall have to discover for ourselves what the monks discovered in their monasteries and in their fields: *Laborare est orare*. Work is worship. Only through our lively and enduring commitment can we bring the world which our ideals foretell into being. What the ancient Hebrew writer said of the skilled artisans of his time is potentially true of us all, and especially in the field of moral endeavour: "In the handiwork of their craft is their prayer". Our highest craft is the practice of mutuality.

We can find our right place in the community that surrounds us and the Being that envelops and upholds us only as we, through our worship and our work, experience in our individual lives the universal life that is common and native to all. I can become myself only as I enable others to become themselves. I can penetrate the nature of the living Being beyond me only as I experience in depth the living Being within me. The person becomes a person only among the people and in the Presence. Here the distinction fades and disappears between the many and the one. The person, the people and the Presence form a final union, and in that union is our bliss.

BOOKS AND PERSONS

By John Rowland

ONE of the perpetual puzzles which beset publishers (as I know, from talking to them—and I have a tolerably wide acquaintance in the world of books) is the problem of selling books on religious topics. In spite of the supposed secularisation of our age, there is a very big market for *some* religious books, though not for all. One publisher once said to me that books on religion could be divided into two groups—those which sell in tens of thousands and those which do not sell at all!

I have written here before of fashions in literature—and I suppose that there are fashions in religious books as well as in novels and travel books and biographies. Dr. C. S. Lewis, for example, though naturally his outlook differs very much from that which this journal exists to advocate, has long been a "best-seller" in the religious field, in part, I fancy, because he has such a readable style, combined with the unusual ability to make difficult problems seem almost simple to the reader. There are others, too.

Yet writers on religious topics appear to become famous almost overnight, and for no special reason that one can see, except that the suddenly-famous is usually a man with either a new line of thought, or a deceptively simple way of expressing himself. In recent months one such writer has emerged in the London literary world in the person of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose book *The Phenomenon of Man*, commended by Sir Julian Huxley, has itself been quite a phenomenon.

Few English people will have known much about de Chardin, except those interested in archeology, to whom he will be known as a leading member of the team of scientists who discovered the remains of a new group of prehistoric men, dug up in China, and commonly called representatives of the "Pekin Man". There has now appeared, in an excellent English translation by Father Jarrett-Kerr of the Community of the Resurrection, Nicolas Corte's book, *Pierre Teilhard de Chardin: His Life and Spirit* (Barrie and Rockliff; 15s.), which is both biography and an interpretation of a very remarkable man.

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Pierre de Chardin was that unusual character, a combination of the priest and the scientist. He was a leading figure in the world of prehistory; he was also a Jesuit. As a result, his thoughts on the relationship between science and religion were of the greatest possible interest—though it may be that the value of these thoughts has been somewhat exaggerated. To me, at any rate, it appears that he found difficulties in the interpretation of the world which stem entirely from his acceptance of the totalitarianism of ideas of his church. His book, for example, could not be published in his lifetime because it could not secure the *imprimatur* of his ecclesiastical superiors; most of the attacks on his scheme of thought have come from orthodox Roman Catholics; and one little footnote by the translator of this biography seems to me to give away much. Teilhard de Chardin was long a friend of a great French philosopher, Edouard le Roy, and M. Corte mentions some books by le Roy which had great influence on his friend. The translator adds, in a footnote: "Edouard le Roy's works were put on the *Index* in 1931".

So, even though de Chardin may be widely admired in our time (he died in 1955), his works will appeal in the main to those who do not share his basic religious beliefs.

When I started, however, I wrote of religious books which are surprisingly large sellers. I imagine that this new volume on an unusual thinker will sell in large numbers; it should certainly be read by all who have found food for thought in *The Phenomenon of Man*; it may go far to explain some things which readers have found puzzling in that book.

But have there been any Unitarian "best-sellers"? I imagine that Miss Boxall of the Lindsey Press would wish that there were some books of that kind. Phillip Hewitt's *An Unfettered Faith* was highly successful, of course; so, in its own field, was *A Free Religious Faith*, that report of a Unitarian commission which has recently been reprinted; *Essays in Unitarian Theology* is making its impact. But I imagine that none of those will get anywhere near the 50,000 copies reached long ago by *The Phenomenon of Man*. A book which deserves to sell 50,000 copies, though it will not, is the volume in which are printed the Minns Lectures for 1959. The Minns Lectureship is a Unitarian Foundation, by which eminent Unitarian ministers are enabled to give of their best to an American audience, the lectures being subsequently printed and circulated as widely as possible. Last year, British Unitarianism was honoured when the Rev. John Kielty was invited to go to Massachusetts and give the lectures. The resultant book, *British Unitarianism: Past, Present and Future*, has been circulated among our ministers, and has now been published, at the extremely reasonable price of half-a-crown, by the Lindsey Press. I would earnestly beg every loyal Unitarian to invest in a copy—for it is an investment. I had not thought it possible to cram so much information within a mere 48 pages; Mr. Kielty says that no English scholar has attempted a history of British Unitarianism since the early years of this century, and he hopes that some really competent historian may soon attempt this task. Our General Secretary therefore regards his little book as a kind of interim report—but it is immensely readable, and should find a place on the shelves of thousands of Unitarians.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin and John Kielty may appear a very odd pair of figures to be dealt with in one article—but maybe the very differences between them show that in the literary world there is room for many and various points of view. Readers of this journal will approve of Mr. Kielty more than they approve of de Chardin, but both men (and many others) have their part to play in religious development in the years that lie ahead.

KNUTSFORD CELEBRATES

By Keith G. Cranny

"The only comparison I can find for myself is to St. Sebastian, tied to a tree to be shot at with arrows . . . but I have spoken my mind as best I can, and I have no doubt that what was meant so earnestly must do some good . . ."

THESE are the typical words of a Unitarian, written in a letter by Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell concerning her second novel, "Ruth"—the story of a young girl who fell from virtue and lived to work out her own redemption. In Victorian novels sexual morality and a "fallen woman" could be referred to—if at all—in only the most sanctimonious and sermonising terms, and her fate had to be either death or discreet shipment to the Colonies.

As a result of "Ruth" Mrs. Gaskell was shunned by many of her friends and acquaintances, hence she wrote a letter containing the foregone quotation.

Mrs. Gaskell was born 150 years ago, and at the age of 22 changed her name from Elizabeth Stevenson (described at that time as being a "giddy, thoughtless little thing") by marrying Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister, at Knutsford Parish Church. Rev. Gaskell was later to become minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester, and his wife a world-famous novelist. Yet the oddest thing about Mrs. Gaskell is that Knutsford has been allowed to claim her for its own, notwithstanding the fact that her working life was spent in Manchester, and that in her time she was looked upon as the most-famous Manchester novelist, not to mention the good she did for the spreading of the name Unitarian. Mrs. Gaskell wrote in and about Manchester, was the pioneer of the "social novel", and was a fearless campaigner for the reforming of the terrible conditions of the poor.

Throughout the period known in history as the "hungry forties" Mrs. Gaskell was kept busy with the hard and dangerous work of distress-relief in Manchester's black and pestilential alleys; where men, women and children were dying from such diseases as typhus, cholera and tuberculosis—in an age where children were born to die of starvation.

★

Mrs. Gaskell was moved to write about the existing conditions, and in one of her works says, "... many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oatmeal or potatoes bought opium to still the hungry little ones and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy, troubled sleep. It was mothers' mercy".

This was the setting for Elizabeth Gaskell's first sensational book, "Mary Barton", sub-titled "A Novel of Manchester Life". It was this book which was responsible for Mrs. Gaskell's fame during her own lifetime, and through which she was wrongfully suspected to be a dangerous revolutionary.

Naturally she is best known for her beloved "Cranford"—in which, the reader may remember, Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney cow wore a flannel waistcoat and drawers, and where the ladies practised "elegant economy" and gave tea parties with very thin bread and butter. Mrs. Gaskell also wrote a biography of the life of Charlotte Bronte, a second Manchester novel entitled "North and South", and her unfinished "Wives and Daughters", during the writing of which she suffered a heart attack, and died. She was buried in the Unitarian chapel-yard at Knutsford, where her grave is carefully tended. Only this spring it was planted with saxifrage, her favourite flower.

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Knutsford gets its name from the time when King Knut camped there near a ford on his route to Manchester. Its modern inhabitants agree, however, that the great success of "Cranford" (which has run through 180 editions in just over a century and is still going strong—even in Hungarian) has put their country town on the map, and has kept it there. And this year Knutsford is celebrating the one-hundred-and-fifteenth anniversary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth, in September, 1810. A "Gaskell Committee" has been busy for weeks planning an exhibition, a memorial booklet, a school essay prize, flood-lighting, and other celebrations. Local interest is running high, and Knutfordians are determined that the name of Gaskell will resound through the town during the coming year, in the same manner that Unitarians are sure it will resound in denominational circles for a long time yet.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

South Africa

Sir: Forsaking the still waters of the Unitarian ministry for the storm waters of politics Dr. Homer Jack is self-appointed to crack South Africa on the head then whisper brotherhood to the stunned.

With pen, notebook, return ticket, he girdles our continent in forty hours, fashioning divine blueprint for all black lands.

Could he not make unendurable pressure on Russia, China, Spain, Egypt? Adultery, apartheid, are not the only personal, political sins. Yes, Homer Jack can crush South Africa. What then? Can he give black man what he has not self realised? Sad, sad, his public folly shames his private wisdom.

Dr. Jack salutes political bishop. I think, come judgment day, Anglicans, Calvinists, will both be commended, both judged; neither group here wears either halo or horns. Granted there is grievous wrong in South Africa; grievously will vengeance strike. There is also great good done, to the black: if evil

swells the debt to pay, if good acquits, let us trust the morning be not over red.

I asked neither salutations nor sympathy from Homer Jack. I was asked to report—I reported. Possibly he knows better. I came as an ox to the plough in a little place: I am not apocalyptic warhorse, as he is.

I believe in integrated educations—have said so. Separate education is not utterly vicious. I believe in a mixed society—have said so, but separate society is not the evil of evils. Everywhere, at all times, society stands in varying forms. Vital change is slow.

Touching black-white I believe in the million minute meliorations that bring the millenium sure if slow footed. I doubt the cataclysmic boycott that would hurl men headlong into the happy age. Jack out-billies Billy Graham in his salvation certainty, political format.

I agree that if Dr. Jack went to the Congo, single ticket, sharing ten years' brotherhood, he would do a worthy work. Meantime his salvation smells of paraffin which he pours on racial fires.

Let us remember: Lambarene preceded The Ethic of Reverence; Calvary preceded the Gospel of John; the good deed empowered the wise word.

When will Thomas Hardy come, to write in words of immortal symmetry, the sad, sad story of South Africa, land of beauty so painful it strikes the spirit sharp awake to cry—Great God, how comes it that this land, so fair, has men, black, white, so misguided; women, black, white, so bitter? Justice speaks, they have as they deserve. Irony mocks, so what? Then mercy whispers—there, in Lambarene, the spirit that heals has sanctuary, there the troubled land will find pattern for its peace.

Cape Town. Yours, Magnus Ratter.

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New Theology

Sir: It was a thrilling experience to read this year's Essex Hall Lecture. The treatment of Humanism and Atheism was quite exciting. In the period of subsequent consideration, however, a reader may still wonder whether "towards" had any specific meaning. As the lecturer said, "there seems to be complete agreement on the basic principle that the new theology must be built upon the widest possible range of human experience". Humanist and atheist themselves, I understand, think they are giving weight to certain factors of human experience largely ignored by theologians. It is possible to agree with humanist and atheist so far and yet not to be driven to their conclusions. Here is one theist who would much appreciate the privilege of being permitted to state shortly what he has been moved "towards".

God is living, so much alive, that he himself develops. L. P. Jacks thought there was "meat" in this contention.

In consonance with that is the conviction that God is not omnipotent in any sense that can be generally understood. Alfred Hall regarded God as being essentially omnipotent but as having in some way surrendered that omnipotence in his dealing with humanity. Nearer to my thought are the words of a "canon theologian". The Rev. L. W. Grensted in his "Psychology and God" writes, "to speak of God negatively as infinite, ineffable, impossible; or positively as omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, is to involve theology in a use of words each one of which is too vast for human thought and too indefinite for the elusive Reality which it strives to grasp". Although this may appear to be an appeal to reconsider the conviction of the most primitive theologians the term "monotheism" needs examination.

Alongside of Mr. Whitehouse's "The universal energy does not run wild" should be read the almost simultaneous article on "Mysticism and Mystery" by Gerald Heard in "Faith and Freedom". "Can anyone doubt, asks the authoritarian cynic, that the Almighty is an evil genius with a sadistic sense of humour". In the Summer issue 1955, of the same publication, Oswald Dubkin declared his disbelief in "a benevolent, omnipotent deity *in the generally accepted sense*".

To me, at present, the almost universally accepted dictum that there must be one only creative force or sense, appears to be a most unjustifiable leap from fact to theory.

There is some convergence of view, says S. P. Whitehouse, "we must find a still deeper significance in the distinctively Semitic notion of God as a Spirit". Oswald Dubkin pleaded that Unitarians should "remove the first person of the trinity as being inconsistent with the facts of experience. This would leave the third person of the trinity, the Holy Spirit, unhedged by the welter of unexplained confusion as the one clear God of human experience". And I agree that the Holy Spirit is the only God, in the sense of being worshipful, that can be.

Leeds. John Hinkins.

"Thank You"

Sir: Having just read "Santa Claus Calls in May"—*Inquirer*, June 11th, I feel I must say a very sincere "Thank you and God bless you" to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKay for their generosity and thoughtfulness in presenting the Secretary of the G.A. with such a splendid gift to be used towards alleviating the acute problem of inadequate stipends.

I am sure that every minister who read Mr. Kirby's account of his "miraculous" visitation will, like myself, feel greatly encouraged, to say the very least.

I know there are many good folk in our churches who are deeply concerned about the stipend problem, but alas, I also know that there are those who either never think about it, or else are not sufficiently worried to do anything by way of immediate personal action. (Had they a son in the ministry, it would, of course, be different.)

Why, I wonder, does it take so long for many of our people to realise that an extra sixpence or shilling added to their weekly offering could so easily help to bring their minister's stipend up to the minimum, or at least a little nearer to it?

Anyway, I hope and pray that the truly Christian example of Santa Claus and his lady will so impress the folk who hitherto have failed in obligations that they may be moved to give in the same unstinting spirit, according to their means, and so bring an offering worthy to be dedicated to God for the support of His Church and Ministry.

Rochdale. Yours, Rev. F. W. Barr.

Stanley Weyman

Sir: John Rowland in his very interesting article "Books and Persons" mentions the name of Stanley Weyman, of whom I am an admiring fan. What a wonderful romantic novelist he was! "A Gentleman of France", "Under the Red Robe", and "The House of the Wolf"—what thrilling and satisfying historical romances they were. The present generation should not pass them by.

There is one point arising out of what Mr. Rowland writes that always intrigues me. How very seldom has a successful novelist repeated the high water mark of the book that brought him or her fame! Only one "Jane Eyre"; only one "The Mayoress"; only one "The Good Companions"! Would it be true to say that everyone has one novel inside them—but only one?

Worthing. Malcolm Ratt.

News Review

Induction

The induction took place at Hinckley Unitarian Chapel last Saturday of the Rev. David C. Dutt, M.A., formerly minister at Hinckley. Charges to the congregation and minister were given by the Rev. F. Kenworthy and the Rev. Charles H. Barfoot. The service was conducted by the Rev. Maurice Johnson and the organist was Mr. John Blundell. Mr. S. Oddie extended the hand of welcome on behalf of the congregation. After tea a welcome meeting was held for Mr. and Mrs. Dutt and their son, Mark, and speeches of welcome were made by representatives of chapel, school and trustees and delegates from the district association and fraternal. The Hinckley choir, accompanied by Mr. Blundell, rendered all the evening with music.

Central Postal Mission

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Central Postal Mission was held at Essex Hall on June 9th, being its traditional date of the Thursday in Whit week. There was a small attendance but an interested one, a situation to be expected now that both parts of the original C.P.M. work, the Penn advertising and the Suffolk Village Mission are becoming, or rather, passing, respectively, into the care of the G.A. Publicity Department and the two Suffolk Village Mission churches themselves.

On the other hand, the speaker for the Publicity Department, the Rev. Graham Short and the speaker for the S.V.M., the Rev. J. H. Teape, graciously made occasion to point to instances where the C.P.M. remains valuable to their own spheres of work.

The President, Mrs. H. Ballantyne, compèred the Choir and mentioned that this might be regarded as a welcome gathering to the Rev. J. Nicholas and Mrs. Teape as Mr. Teape has succeeded the

(continued on page 603)

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1960

Ashton, Unitarian Church, Stone Street, 11 and 6. Rev. W. B. Tavener
Ashton-in-Makerfield, New Street Meeting House, 11. Supply
Altrincham, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Lionel G. Reed
Ashton-under-Lyne, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3. Rev. R. Gill
Ashton, Unitarian Church, Manchester Road, 6.30. Supply
Bath, Tyke Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30. Mr. E. C. E. Lee
Bolton, All Souls, Blomfield Avenue, 11.30 and 7. Dr. A. L. Adsew
Bolton, Pikes Chapel, Bromley Street, 11.30 and 7. Dr. R. J. McLachlan
Bolton Green (nr. Ramsbottom), Unitarian Church, 11. Rev. James Kirkby
Bolton-le-Moors, Pine Church, Bank Street, 11. Mrs. E. F. Sayage
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Butterworth Yard, 6.30 (July 3). Supply
Bradford, Church of Humanity, Bond Street, 11 and 6.30. Mr. J. McClelland
Bradford, Trinity Road Church and Bond Street Mission, Small Heath, 6. Rev. Ernest Bowhouse
Bradford, North Parade, Hallows Road, 10.45 and 6.30. Mr. E. A. Wray
Bradford, South Parade, Lumb Lane, 11 and 6.30. Mr. Frank Lewis
Bridport, Bank Street, 2.30. Sunday School, 10.30. Rev. E. Shirvell Price
Bristol, Lewin's Mead Church, Unitarian, 11. Rev. G. Raphael Jones
Bristol, Old Meeting House, No service
Bristol, Wellington, 11.15, and Hallewell Road, 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Sharpe
Burnley (Lane), Unitarian Church, Spain Lane, 6.30. Rev. Harry Hall
Bury, Unitarian Church, Upper Hill Road, 11. Rev. Lawrence Redwood
Bury, Broadway Avenue, 3.15. Rev. P. Baker Morgan
Bury, Parsonage Street, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Frank A. Stallard
Cambridge, Great Church, Emmanuel Street, 3. Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. Wm. Hillard
Cambridge, Unitarian Church, 11. Rev. G. Raphael Jones
Cambridge, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 Rev. J. M. Hall, 6.30, Rev. J. Hillard
Cardiff, Lovell's Mead Meeting, 6.30. Rev. A. H. Sayler
Cardiff, Gabriel Road, 11. Rev. A. H. Sayler, 6.30. Mr. R. L. Nicholson
Carlisle, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. P. M. Ryan
Cheltenham, Monmouth Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6. Rev. H. Stewart Carter.
Chester, The West Gate Unitarian Church, 6.30. Rev. Harry Jones
Chesham, The Church of the Good Commission, Moorend Hill, 3. Mrs. Joyce Hyde
Chesterfield, Spital Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11. Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. Jessie E. Greene
Chester, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11. Rev. E. H. Shaw, 6.30, Supply
Chesterton, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. A. W. Vallance
Clitheroe, Cemetery Chapel, Ashworth, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Twiss
Colchester, Great Blowing House, Maidenhead Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. E. H. Miller
Colne, Free Christian Church, South Street, 6.30. Supply
Colne, Unitarian Church, Albert Road, 11 and 6.30. Mrs. M. R. Dickie
Coventry, Upper Christian Church, Priory Street, 11. Rev. J. P. Chalk
Darwen, Hilton Street Chapel, 11. Rev. W. H. Cordell, 6.30, Mrs. J. Hall
Derby, Peter Gate Unitarian Church, 6.30. Supply
Dewsbury, Old Meeting House, 10.45. Miss E. M. Stevens
Dewsbury, Pine Church, Half Gate, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Alec L. Peirson
Dorking, Ashcombe Street, Unitarian Church, 11. Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. Philip C. Pye
Dublin, Strand's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30. Rev. E. Savell Hicks
Dudley, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Norman Hamilton
Dunstable, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. S. P. Wintringham
Durham, Unitarian Church, St. Constantine Road, 11. Mr. W. Wade
Eccleshill, St. Stephen's Church, Castle Terrace, 11. Rev. Bruce Prosser
Edinburgh, Chapel's Chapel, South Street, 6.30. Rev. Dr. F. D. Morse-Kazlet.
Ely, Old Church, Ship Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. J. Harry Smith
Exeter, St. Verne Street, Unitarian Church, 11. Rev. James L. Brown
Exeter, Flowden Street, 2. Sunday School, 10.45 Student, 6.30. Rev. W. H. Cordell
Gloucester, Barton Street, 3. Rev. John M. Quinn
Gloucester, Brunswick Chapel (Presbyterian), 6.30. Rev. G. Mabie Bramin
Gloucester, Wood Street Church, 11.15. Rev. Dudley Richards
Hale Chapel, Hale Barns, 10.45. Rev. G. J. Pryce
Halifax, Northgate, 6.30. Rev. Frank Walker
Hanover, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Dewsbury Hilton
Hanover, Great Meeting, Hilton Lane, 11 and 6. Rev. E. A. Davies
Harrogate, Victoria Road, 11. Rev. J. Rowland
Harrogate, Victoria Road, 11. Rev. Frank Walker
Hastings, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 6.30. Rev. Stanley Pugh
Hastings, Market Place, Unitarian Church, 6.30. Student
Hastings, Pure Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Dewsbury W. Hill
Hastings, South Street Church, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Andrew Sharpe
Hastings, St. Helens Street Church, 6.30. Supply
Hatton, Hill End Chapel, Cary Square, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. R. L. Collard
Hatton, Holmwood Church, 11. Rev. Frank Walker
Hatton, Old Meeting House, 11. Rev. C. V. Walters
Hatton, The Great Meeting, East Road Street, 11. Rev. Leonard Mason and 6.30.
Hatton, Upper Chapel, 11. Rev. W. Wormersley
Hatton, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30. Rev. H. W. Hammond.
Hatton, Parish Church of Trinity, 11. Rev. J. E. Morrison, 6.30, Supply
Hatton, South Free Church, 11. Mr. J. Pennington
Hatton, Rosslyn Hill, 11. Rev. J. Ross Stephens
Hatton, Unitarian Chapel, 11. Rev. S. E. Berman, 6.30. Miss S. E. Butler
Hatton, Wellington Road, Unitarian, 3. Sunday School, 6.30. Mr. L. W. Gibson.
Hatton, New Street, 6.30. Rev. S. E. Berman
Hatton, New Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. S. E. Berman
Hatton, Old Church, Unitarian Road, 6. Rev. Wilfrid M. Lewis
Hatton, Stockton Lane and Stansfield Street Chapel, 6.30. Mr. James Wilson
Hatton, Trinity Road, 11. Rev. E. G. Lee
Hatton, Upper Church, Bolton Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Graham Hester
Hatton, Priest Gate, Unitarian Lecture, 6.30. Rev. T. E. Dawson
Hatton, Golden Green, Manor Lane, 11. Mr. J. Stevens, 6.30. Mr. A. E. Rees
Hatton, Hatton, New Chapel Ho Church, Chatham Place, 11 (Family Service). Rev. H. F. Gardiner
Hatton, Hayward's Heath Hill, 11. Rev. Dewsbury P. Hilton
Hatton, Hatton Hill, Unitarian Church, 11. Mr. Kenneth Hill
Hatton, Hatton Hill Road, 11. Rev. T. E. Dawson, 6.30, Mr. Kenneth Hill
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, 6.30. Rev. A. V. Fox
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Queen Road, 11. Rev. A. V. Fox
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, High Street, 11. Rev. Stanley Chapman
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Duchess Street, 6.30. Rev. Jessie Hatton
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Cromwell Road, 11. Rev. Wilfrid M. Lewis
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Queen Street, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Unitarian Church, 6.30. Rev. Dewsbury Hilton
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Rose Hill, 11. Rev. Antonia Pearson (also 6.30)
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Hayburn Hill Unitarian Church, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 11. Supply
Hatton, Hatton, Unitarian Church, Hawthorn Road, 6.30. Rev. E. G. Lee
Hatton, St. Andrew Street, Unitarian Church, Worship Road, 11. Rev. E. V. Hunter
Hatton, King Edward Road, 10.45 and 6.30. Mr. Peter Astin
Hatton, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30. Rev. Morgan Hayes
Hatton, Hulme, Unitarian Church, Chorlton Lane, 6.30. Supply
Hatton, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. C. H. Bartlett
Hatton, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Pastor D. Mills
Hatton, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. P. E. Gorfitt
Hatton, Mosley Church, Stretford, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. W. Hill Warren
Hatton, Pendleton Unitarian Cross Lane, 6.30. Supply
Hatton, Platt Church, Rusholme, 6.30. Supply
Hatton, Salem Street Mission, 6.30. Rev. R. L. Hopkin
Hatton, Stand Church, Whitefield (July 3), 6.30. Rev. Sydney H. Knight
Hatton, Willbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11. Supply
Hatton, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30. Rev. James Gill
Hansfield, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Sharratt
Hastle, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11 each Sunday
Hedmondwike, Free Christian Church, 6.30. Rev. Lawrence Hallsworth
Hedleton, Old Road Chapel, 3.15. Supply
Newcastle-on-Tyne, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Jesse Russell
Newchurch (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6. Rev. John Mather
Newport, Isle of Wight, High Street, 6.30 (also 11, 1st Sunday in the month) Rev. W. J. Carter
Northampton, Kingsley Road Church, 11. Mr. Graham Wellington
Norwich, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11. Rev. J. A. Emerson
Nottingham, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. C. Gordon Ridler
Oldbury, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Harold A. Gore
Oldham, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. T. E. Nuttall
Oxford, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30. Rev. Prof. Richard D. Pierce
Padiham, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Keighley Hill, 10.30 and 6. Student
Park Lane Chapel, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Gordon L. Clarke
Plymouth, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. J. R. Blackburn
Poole, Unitarian Church, High Street, 11. Junior Church, 6.30. Rev. J. W. Durrell
Portsmouth, John Pounds Memorial Church, High Street, 11. Junior Church, 6.30. Rev. Jose Fernandez
Preston, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30. Rev. F. Knowlesby
Rochdale, Hartley, The Meeting House, 6.30. Rev. Francis Tebby
Rochdale Church, nr. Mereside Lanes, 3. Rev. R. I. Pritchard
Rochdale, Blackwood Street, 10.30 and 6. Rev. Frank Cotter
Rochdale, Church of our Father, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Eric Phillips
Rose, Addison Road, 11. Rev. Jesse Gill
Scarborough, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 6.30. Rev. G. W. Pattinson
Sheffield (Ashwell Street), 6.30. Supply
Sheffield, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11. Supply
Sheffield, Unity Church, Cemetery Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. E. D. Davis
Sheffield, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. G. Stanley Whitby
Shrewsbury, High Street, Unitarian, 11. Rev. A. H. Lewis
Shrewsbury, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30. Mr. Edward Matthews
Southampton, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 6.30. Rev. E. G. Gibbs
Southend-on-Sea, Darnley Road, 6.30. Rev. R. H. Barker
Southport, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30. Supply
Stockport, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30, Mr. K. Cheney, 6.30, Mr. S. G. Mason
St. Helens, Corporation Street, 6.30. Supply
Stockton-on-Tees, Wellington Street, 6.30. Rev. A. D. Wilson (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
Stourbridge, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11. Rev. C. Stanton
Swansea, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30. Rev. L. Baker Short (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
Swansea, Pentrell Free Christian Meeting House, 11. Rev. L. Baker Short
Swindon, Station Hill Road, 6.30. Student
Taunton, Mary St. Chapel, 11. Rev. Wm. Sellars
Tavistock, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30. Rev. G. Kenyon
Tewkesbury, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6. Supply
Torquay, Unity Church, off The Terrace, 11. Rev. Clarence Easton
Totnes, Coronet Unitarian Church, 11. Rev. S. Spencer
Wakefield, Cliff Street, 10.30 and 6.30. Rev. Eric Wild
Warwick, Unitarian Chapel, High Street, 7. Rev. H. Mortimer
Watford, Priestly Street, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (last Sunday in the month) Rev. F. Hankinson
Wallasey, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Mr. L. Evans, 6.30, Rev. E. H. Stacy
Walsall, Unitarian Free Church, Sandford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. Williamson, 2.30 Sunday School
West Bromwich, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. R. J. Williamson.
West Kirby, Brookhill Gardens, 11, Rev. Maurice Jeanneau (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
Whitby, Pleasington, 2.30, Rev. W. T. Watson
Wilmslow, Dean Row, 10.45, Rev. A. B. Duncan, Supd. 6.30, Rev. A. B. Duncan
York, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30. Rev. L. A. Garrod

The Unitarian Missionary Association provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, M.U.F., Essex Hall, 1-6 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7. Rev. Cecil Cooper
Melbourne, Unitarian Church, Collins Street, C.1.; Unitarian Hall (Essex Street), 431 Station: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. V. Jones
Perth, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Rev. R. H. Richardson, 122 Blake Street, Nedlands, West Australia
Sydney, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15 Pitt Street (off College St.) 7.15. Rev. R. W. Robinson, Home Telephone LX 5228
Unitarian Missionary of Australasia, 1 Glen Alby, Melbourne, C.1. Minister: Rev. W. Berrington. Meetings as announced.
Seaton Congregational Church, Apollo Road, Seaford (Vic.), 3.5, weekly at 10 a.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 2.30 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. Berrington

CANADA

Montreal, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Simpson Street, 11. Rev. Antonia Pearson
Toronto, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. Jesse H. Dickinson
Vancouver, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550 Tenth Avenue West, 11, Rev. A. F. Hayes

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, Unitarian Church, Parnell's Road, 11 and 7. Mr. M. J. Shaw
Wellington, Service suspended. Enquiries: Mrs. Hosen, Tel. 44-222

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town, Rhodes House, 11, Sunday School: 3, Service, Rev. Maurice C. Bevan

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Death

Starr—Lizzie Starr, May 19th, at Sidmouth in her 82nd year. A faithful member of the Maidstone Church for 54 years.

DUPLICATING, Shorthand, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles, 10, Beaconsfield Road, London, N.11. ENT 3324.

(cont. from page 602)

Rev. W. Broadbent as minister at Framlingham and Bedfield. This is in addition to Mr. Teape's present charge at Ipswich.

Mr. Teape responded with an excellent speech, describing how the Postal Mission had been the means of his own entry into Unitarianism and outlining his present ideas for spreading the faith in the two villages where he is now beginning.

The death of Mrs. David Snowling about a year ago and the recent removal of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Brent from the S.V.M. district have left sad and big gaps.

The Rev. F. Hankinson, in moving the Message to Distant Lands, gave, out of his unique contacts, up-to-date news of the fortunes or fates, here and there, all over the world, of liberal religionists.

Weekend School for Young Sunday School Teachers

On Saturday and Sunday, May 28th-29th, a weekend school for young Sunday School Teachers organised by the Bury and District Unitarian Sunday School Union was held at New Ousedale, Bolton.

The theme was "A new approach to Sunday School teaching" and was based upon the North Cheshire course of Sunday School lessons.

The school was divided into four sessions: Introduction to the General Theme; My church; My church and other churches; and your church. The Rev. C. H. Barber, Chairman of the North Cheshire Sub-Committee was the chief speaker. He opened the first session and guided where necessary all the discussions, allowing a free interchange of ideas and a wide discussion of individual problems and difficulties. But ready always to lead us back to the subject in hand when our arguments became too diffused. Other members of the Sub-Committee: Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. Barber, Mr. J. A. Ratcliffe and Mr. Hadley K. Stephens all assisted. The feeling of the young teachers from the Bury and Bolton Sunday School Unions was that the School had been highly successful. The North Cheshire course was considered to have much of great value to offer in Sunday School teaching and there seemed no doubt that the course would be made use of in the Sunday Schools of these two Unions.

Clothing for Refugees

Swinton Unitarian Free Church had two special events in June that concerned Refugees. The first was a special service at which the preacher was Mrs. Lisa Goertz, author of "I Stepped Into Freedom." Mrs. Goertz was a refugee from Nazi Germany and is now living in Birmingham. The second event was a Borough Clothing Appeal for the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. This resulted in 146 sacks of clothing, all of excellent quality, being despatched. The value of the clothing, £730, was credited to the Mayor's Appeal for World Refugee Year.

Horsham.—The 322nd Church Anniversary and 187th Annual Whitsuntide Services were held on Sunday, June 5th. At the morning service Mr. A. L. Blake, O.B.E., spoke in inspiring terms to the members and friends from other churches who gather on this day. Mr. Blake, the senior Trustee, Mr. Charles Marten, Mr. Matthews for Billingshurst and Mr. Harvey, the Church Secretary, were among those who spoke briefly after the customary lunch. Preceding evening service and after tea a recital of recorded music was given by Mr. A. E. Phillips, a member of the church. In the evening it was a pleasure to welcome the Rev. Basil Viney visiting the church as preacher for the first time since he came to Lewes.

Helen Mottram

Helen Mottram died in a Norwich Nursing Home on 22nd May. She was in her ninety-first year. Throughout her long life she upheld a fine liberal religious family tradition stretching back to the seventeenth century. From her earliest years she attended the Octagon Sunday School in Norwich and later became a teacher and Chapel member. Most of her life from adolescence onwards was spent away from the city of her birth, first on the Continent at French and German schools and afterwards as Language Mistress at High Schools in Paddington and Alnwick. Confined to her room in the last years by rheumatism, she maintained her interest in people and in the Chapel, and kept up a lively correspondence with many of her old pupils and with friends on the Continent.

Miss Mottram was a woman of quiet faith and great independence of mind. She had a keen interest in literature and world affairs, and was a good European to whom the two great wars were tragic interruptions of all the bright flow from European friendship and unity.

The Funeral Service at the Blackburn St. Faith Crematorium on 25th May was conducted by the Rev. J. A. Kennedy. J.A.K.

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